

# The New-York Saturday Press.

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## THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS

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BRANCH OFFICE

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trait of his great-grandfather, which hung in a small room called the library, where there were a few leather-bound books, printed in London, for the bookshelves at the Mitre in Fleet street, or 'The Golden Lion in Aldersgate street.' This ancestor was Hugh's first idea. He was perpetually asking questions about his history; and he read the old books before he could understand them, but they made an impression nevertheless. When Agnes first saw him, he was grave and self-possessed. His easy silence drew her attention towards him; she wondered at his high-bred face. She thought what strong support there must be in his salient arm. He thought, how unusual she looked. There was the tremulous elasticity of a flower in her bearing, and the touch of her cool frail hand, felt like the fall of a dewdrop.

Agnes passed the first days of her visit in a lethargy. Rebecca thought her very ill. Agnes did not know her own ailment. The truth was, that the strain of her old life had given way, and nothing new had come to take its place. She kept her room. It was on the ground floor, with its window in a niche high up in the wall; steps were before it, which Agnes climbed every day, and looked out upon the landscape, stretching away between the park and garden. She saw numberless low hills, undulating ago ago by a wind pent in the earth, which died in a mighty howl along the verge of the horizon. They were crowned with trees, or furrowed with rippling grain. Once inside them, she thought, the blue which led into the world's high way would be lost.

Hugh sent her books and bunches of flowers. Too languid to read, she amused herself by pulling the flowers apart, and throwing them from the window led by her. Rebecca at last declared that something must be done, or Agnes would die. She must have the morning air. She should ride with Hugh in the wagon. She should not stay in her own room. She had had too much solitude, and not half care enough. Hugh arranged the wagon that day for her, and early the next morning, while the swallows were twittering under the eaves, Rebecca was by her bedside.

"Now, my dear, Hugh is waiting for you."  
"A little more sleep," she begged. "I am so tired."  
"Not a wink. If you shut your eyes, I'll call Hugh to carry you out to the wagon. Come, I will dress you."

Agnes obeyed her and was soon made ready. Hugh stood outside the door snapping his fingers at his dog Key, who was slumbering and growling for a carter. Agnes thrust her hand in Key's shaggy coat, who forsook his master at once.

"Help her, Hugh," said Rebecca.  
"O no," said Agnes, "Key is helping me." But Hugh quickly lifted her into the wagon, and they started with Key running beside them.

"I shall drive," said Hugh, "where you will have a different view from the one your window gives. I am afraid you are homesick, I have seen you look from it so often, and your gaze was so far away."  
"No, I am not homesick; but how could you see me from my perch?"

"From the hammock which swings under that pine, pointing to an old tree, whose top was black with moss, but whose lower branches were still green and dense. "It does not tell me this day; I wish you would try it; the carpet under it is dry, you see; the pine does not rustle its leaves above my head; there is no chatter of birds in its boughs; it is always grave and silent."

"It is like you," she thought; then aloud, "I will frequent it from this day."  
She drew her shawl about her, and turned her face aside; Hugh saw that she did not wish to prolong the conversation. She enjoyed the sense too much to talk; the cool sweet air was balm to her; the quiet trot of the horses, the noiseless gallop of Key, his scampers into neighboring fields, the long shadows of the trees, and the flying birds, gave her a child-like pleasure. Park Farm was now five miles behind her. The road, below, lay a wide magnificent valley full of scattered woods. A crooked river ran through it, the sunbeams basking its calm surface. Far beyond, the land rose in a series of ridges, extending the prospect till distance was lost in blue haze. Agnes rose to her feet, and gave a cry of delight; Hugh internally thanked her for it.

"I am well," she said, and stretched her hand towards him. He took it, the firmness of his grasp surprised her, and looking into his face she received from his glance an indescribable impression which opened the door of her soul, and encouraged it to step across the dark threshold of her interior life.

"Now for home and breakfast," cried Hugh, "mother will be ready for us." When they arrived at the langate, Rebecca was there to open it. "Agnes, you are better. The great valley is a cure, isn't it? Do you see your breakfast on the porch? I have put my hand some dear old cracked china on it for you."

She had also prepared some dainty dishes, and made the table laden with flowers as well as with the old china. Agnes ate a little, and Hugh demolished all then she ate a little more. "The girl's heart is ailing," thought Rebecca, "what can it be, I wonder?" Her tender solicitude smote Agnes with a new feeling. Tears had long since ebbed away from her; but now the tide seemed to be flowing again through some forgotten depth, though none welled from her eyes. A vivid spark gleamed in them, and a tinge of color came to her pale lips.

"How pleasant you are; how sincere," she said.  
"How positive is the taste of this food; how lovely these flowers are; their odor is delicious. Thank you, Rebecca; I see what you would do. Shall I ride to-morrow?"

"Every day."  
"Will you go with me, Hugh?"  
"Why, who else can go?" asked his mother.  
"Who else?" said Hugh, sipping his coffee.  
"Where is this woman's husband?" he thought; "I hate him, I believe," and setting his cup down, he sauntered away.

In the afternoon, Agnes went to the hammock. Rebecca sat beside her with her sewing, and gave her a sketch of her mother's girlhood—the mother whom Agnes knew so little of. Rebecca went gently while she talked. Her emotion moved Agnes, and her words seemed to place her on rapport with her mother; her heart expanded with the feeling, and some of its loneliness vanished. An affectionate impulse prompted her to go to Rebecca, and fall on her neck with a kiss. When she felt such an embrace as Rebecca gave her for that kiss.

The air was full of the golden dust of sunset when they saw John and Hugh returning from the fields. John gave them a kindly nod, asked for supper, and passed into the house. Hugh lingered; looking at Agnes, he commented to himself: "Her countenance has changed again; her features are growing flexible." He leaned against the tree where the hammock was tied in which she was resting. She turned towards him, and thanked him for suggesting the change from her room.

"I shall live out of doors now," she said, "and should even like to pass the night here if Key would be my watcher."

Rebecca told her that the dew fell too heavy at night.  
"Dew," murmured Agnes, putting her hand to her forehead, "I wish I could feel it."  
Hugh heard her, and folded his arms across his breast with an outward composure, while he felt a soft tug at the heart, as if that organ was for the first time set in motion. A cool wind crept over the earth, and stirred the pine which let its needles fall on Agnes's dress.

"Night is coming," said Rebecca, as she went into the house to prepare supper, telling them to follow her soon. Hugh drew his mother's chair close to Agnes, and dropped his hat in the hammock; she took it with a pretty motion, and tested in the hammock the leaves which had fallen. He observed all she did with a glance as sharp as that of a young panther.

"Do you like our life?"  
"Yes, it is an idyl to me."  
"What has mother been talking of?"  
"Of my own mother, her early friend."  
"Your mother's portrait hangs in my room."  
"Let me see it."

"Yes, if you wish. It is a strange, sad face, and makes me dream."  
"Come then."

They went up stairs. In the faded picture Agnes saw a resemblance to herself—the same eyes and compressed mouth. Its expression recalled her father to her mind, and she started Hugh with her question—  
"Was my father a bad man?"  
"A worldly man."  
"I thought so."

He asked her to look at his books, and they were promising to read together when they heard Rebecca calling them to supper.

As soon as the birds were asleep, Rebecca was by Agnes's bedside again. She put out her candle, drew away the curtain from the window, bade her be ready for the morning's ride, and left her. So ended this happy day, the first of a series.

Agnes wrote Fleming that she was better, described Rebecca and Hugh, said she was happy with them, and asked permission to stay at Park Farm till her child should arrive home, when she wished him to send it to her, and they would, when Autumn came, return together. He gave the desired permission, and promised to send the child. Rebecca soon saw that Agnes required her attention no longer; Hugh must take care of her now, she said; she must look to her dairy, which of late had been neglected. So they were abandoned to the dangerous occupation of learning how to be necessary to each other. Agnes rose in the morning buoyant with the hope which found its fulfillment every hour. The thoughts of Hugh ran towards her, as a river runs towards the sea; his attentions gave her a higher estimation of herself. She decorated her hair with the flowers he gave her, and soon knew which dress he liked the most. The coquetry which exists in refined and sensitive women, so long latent in her, was developed; his inspiration exalted her. She had changed indeed since her arrival at Park Farm. Then she had the innocence and softness of a statue. Now, she was a woman with blushes, smiles, and tears—all that belongs to one who has been awakened to the fact that she still has the power to interest and please. John and Rebecca were charmed with her gentle vivacity; they talked about her, and said, how good she was, and how handsome, and wished that they could keep her with them always.

For a time they were contented with this open and innocent friendship; the pleasure of finding a similarity of opinion or a likeness in taste, sufficed them. Their looks, their rides and walks, were a great enjoyment. The indolent days of summer here showered, the calm, sweet evenings were all delightful; life was beautiful. But this wide circle must needs be narrowed to the vortex of personal sensation. The rest and activity with which they had pursued those simple pleasures died out. Rebecca's unthinking good-nature did not allow her to perceive the change in their pursuits; but changed they were. They kept together still, for the charm of presence was imperative with both, but the book remained unopened in Hugh's hand, the walks were confined to the park, the rides given up. Some spirit presiding over the powers that he, was in the air, and had thrown before them the battle-gale of the souls of Agnes and Hugh.

Hugh was quiet, and looked less at her than he did, but pondered the earth and sky, and examined all things inquiringly. Whatever his mood, she hungered for its meaning. Still she was filled with a vague uneasiness; thoughts came to her of the meaning of all this, but she waved them off, and sought Hugh, mute with a pain she would not analyze.

The wheat harvest was over. Uncolored weather prevailed. The yellow sun rose and set in azure. No dew fell at night. No wind came from the North, none from the South. The moon sailed high over the park, and filled its avenues with misty light. Agnes and Hugh went to bed with the fever, and Rebecca followed him as soon as the kitchen fire went out. Hugh and Agnes had changed places. She was solicitous for him now, and watched his movements with anxiety. He occupied the hammock, while she sat on the grass beside it. Sometimes she put her hand on his head, and found it bathed in sweat. Sometimes she spoke to him and he did not seem to hear her, for he made no answer; but he sighed, and she sighed back softly. The evenings passed in this way were not counted, but when she thought of them afterward, the period seemed a long one.

When the old hall clock struck ten, Agnes went into the house, undressed with haste, pressed her face to the pillow, and resolutely went to sleep. How long Hugh remained in the park, she knew not. She never heard his step in the hall, and she dared not look from her window, for she had more than once dreamed that he was beneath it. Of late Hugh had absented himself during the day, going away in the morning before she rose, returning at night, and after supper taking his place in the hammock or wandering about the park, where Agnes, and sometimes his mother, joined him. Business kept him away, Rebecca said. She thought Hugh must be growing worldly, or he had a fear that he might put into execution an old plan of going to Europe. Agnes looked down when she expressed this fear, and Hugh made no reply.

One night when the clock struck ten, Agnes did not go in. Hugh counted the strokes expecting her "good-night" with the best, but she was silent. So was he. The moths and beetles flew round them undisturbed. The moon rose; hanging low in the sky, its placid light shone under the dark branches of the pines and revealed their faces to each other, but Hugh's eyes were shut. Bending over him she gazed into his face, till a profound and mysterious melancholy filled her soul. She tried in vain to repress her tears; a sob betrayed them. Hugh opened his eyes and saw that she loved him. It was all clear to them now, they loved each other! He felt as every man feels when a crisis is at hand—revelant and daring. But she felt an inexpressible anguish and humiliation. She wished herself a thousand miles away. "Hugh must feel

how wrong she was!" He became conscious of the struggle in her mind, and his better sense strove with his primitive heart, and he remained silent; but his face was so eloquent, she could not endure to meet his glance.

"We will speak of this, but not now," she said; "I must go in."  
He walked beside her up the avenue, still without speaking. When they reached the porch, she laid her hand on his arm. He stopped.

"Will you kiss me once?" she asked timidly.  
He laughed, but he clenched his teeth. "Good-night, Agnes. Do not try me too far," and stepping back, he waved his hand for her to pass in. The air seemed full of sounds, she was so dizzy. Shutting her door, she listened a moment against it, and then groped for a candle. It lit, and walked about the room. She was crying bitterly. "How criminal I am," she thought; "I have prefigured to Hugh, that which a man should realize, but with one—the woman he can realize in marriage. I have wronged some woman besides myself, then! and when she comes for him to marry, he will think of me and of himself with shame. But what harm has he done?" she asked. She could find no fault with him, and with a woman's pride believed herself alone. The remembrance of his last words came to her, and she saw that she must not meet him again alone. Then she endured one of those struggles where the mind has a perception that its desires and wishes will be overruled, in spite of all the judgment can calculate, and the specious reasons the heart can invent. She looked about mechanically for a pencil and paper, and wrote a few words with a bitter feeling of revolt, protesting with all her soul against their import—"Hugh," she wrote, "it is not right for us to be together. It must not be. Let us both be silent. We can guess all that might be said." She crept up stairs, and slipped the note under his door. As she opened the door, she stumbled over Key, who had followed her. With a growl he caught her sleeve in his teeth and held her fast. Hugh started, as if his attention was arrested. "If he opens his door," she thought, "I will go in." But she clutched Key's collar and dragged him by main strength through the passage. He loosened his hold, and she fled down the stairs, and heard Hugh open his door before she reached her room. Henceforth Agnes avoided him. She saw that her note had a contrary effect to that which she had intended, for he kept near her as if fearful she would escape him.

To her relief, at last her child and his nurse arrived. As she took him, her heart gave a great throb of pain and love. Hugh's face darkened when he saw him, but he took the child up tenderly, and embraced him.

"Now that your boy has come, you can stay," said Rebecca.  
"Autumn is at hand," replied Agnes, "and I must look to my busy city life." She determined to return in a few days, and that those days should be spent apart from Hugh. She could not, however, separate herself entirely from him. He had not left home since the night they were last by the hammock under the pine; the business which occupied him before, seemed to be over. He returned to his books, treasures which had long been neglected; perhaps he derived some imaginary comfort from them.

He appeared neither to avoid nor to seek Agnes. His behavior was dangerously sweet to her. She spent her evenings by the bedside of her child, or in chat with Rebecca, but sometimes Hugh and she found themselves alone, in spite of her precautions. A struggle of right and wrong. He grew moody, and even Rebecca now perceived a change in him, and the two women divided each other without any words; both prayed in thankfulness when the time came for Agnes to go.

The night before her departure was sultry and perturbed a storm. She was to leave early in the morning; her trunk was packed; she had had her last talk with Rebecca, and had gone to her room. All was still in the house, her child had been long asleep in her bed. The ominous hush outside was occasionally broken by the roll of distant thunder. The air of the room stifled her, its walls seemed narrowing round her, her heart was beating nervously. She unfasted the ribbon on her throat, and took the comb from her hair; but she could not resolve to undress. She avoided the sight of her face in the glass, but employed herself in carefully arranging the books which were on the table under it. She opened them and read over the name on their title-pages—written in ink discolored with age—"Hugh Park Pennock." Having done this, she walked up and down the room with an irresolute step; she paused by the child and surveyed the covert over him. At last she looked up at the window, which stared at her blankly. She went up the steps, softly opened it, and saw from it, what she knew she should see, Hugh below with his face upturned.

"Come down," he said in a husky voice, "come down, Agnes."  
The desire which had been smoldering in her to be with him once more, for the last time, now broke loose. She yielded to it. As she touched the handle of the door, it turned from the outside; opened, and Hugh and she stood face to face. He was deadly pale, and the expression in his eyes made her quail. He drew her through the hall swiftly, out on the porch, down the avenue. A sharp flash of lightning signalled through the gloom, revealing every needle of the pine towards which they were hastening; it quivered the whole scene in Agnes's memory—the clump of lilacs which he trode down—her loosened hair flying over her arms and down her white dress—the tall form of Hugh looming up beside her, his face wild and bird-like in the glare—all was impressed there forever. It was utterly dark when they reached the pine. Hugh held her in his arms; she hid her face in his bosom, his head was bowed over hers. The rain-drops began to patter through the leaves. Agnes lifted her face, and Hugh put aside her tangled hair. She withdrew herself from his arms, resting against the tree, for she felt faint, and was about to speak, when her voice was checked by another ghastly flash of lightning. It lighted up the dark end of the house nearest them, where her room was situated, and they caught a sight through the trees. The child, disturbed by the tempest, awake, and missing her, had crept from his bed, and climbed up the steps into the window, and stood on his narrow ledge, crying for her. She thrust away Hugh, whose impulse was to catch her in his arms and watch with her, for the catastrophe which he saw must take place; but she flew towards the house, desperate with the will to save her child. Something galloped beside her; it was Key. She pointed to the window, now dark again, and tried to speak, to incite him on, for she felt that she only crawled, but in vain; her running was a jest to Key. He impeded her progress by bounding before her in the path, jumping on her shoulders, and loudly barking. The child heard him, and Agnes, by another flash, saw him stretch out his arms, and utter Key seemed like a black, fend between her and her child. Her heart was breaking, or was it the dull thud of his fall on the wet stones towards the window, she heard? Even then, Hugh's face shot before her vision, as she saw it upturned to her from the very spot where her child lay.

When she reached him he was not dead, but she knew as she took him up that he was maimed for life. Hugh shuddered as he heard the wild howl which Key set up, and saw lights moving in the house, from the place where he still stood.

(For The New-York Saturday Press.)  
TO A TROUT.

Caught in the Hoosic, March 31st, 1860.

Beautiful variety  
In silver and scarlet.  
That through you ripples late flashed like a beam,  
Hear'st thou the treble  
Of warble and pebble,  
Calling thee back to thy home in the stream?

Vainly the music  
Al chimes of the Hoosic  
Ring from the foam-bells its eddies supply  
Me'er, stranded swimmer,  
Again shall thy shimmer  
Brighten the wave like a star shooting by.

In the light golden—  
Arrayed like a soldier—  
I marked thee self-poised in the crystalline pool,  
Unseen I surveyed thee,  
Tempted, betrayed thee;  
Yet now I pity thee, beautiful fool!

With those gills fluttering  
What art thou uttering?  
Curse, perchance, on thy folly and greed  
Know then thy captor  
Apt is, or apter,  
To jump at a lure, of no barb taking heed.

Gaudily feathered  
The hook was, that tethered  
Thy radiant form to the merciless rod;  
Hooks forged by Satan,  
With glittering bait on,  
Catch Christian souls in a manner as odd.

Men, like weak fishes,  
Seduced by their wishes,  
Jump to conclusions insane and dire;  
Get in hot water,  
Or, bent on self-destruction,  
Spring from the frypan into the fire.

As I was reeling  
Thou in, a sad feeling  
Stole o'er my heart, and thou then hast been free,  
But for a dumb ache—  
A pang of the stomach—  
That cannot be silenced or soothed but by thee.

Poor captured rover,  
Thy last quiver's over,  
And, as with death human sympathy euds,  
Proud of my bouncer,  
A thirty-two-cancer,  
I bear thee away to astonish my friends.

JOSEPH BARRETT.

(From The New-York Herald.)  
THE SHAW-CARSTANG CASE.

The Demi-Monde of America.

We print in another part of our impression of to-day a further instalment of the evidence in the famous breach of promise case at St. Louis, together with the determination of the jury, which has found a verdict for the defendant, and sent Miss Carstang out of court with a heavy bill of costs. The counsel for the plaintiff has given notice of appeal; but we presume the case will never be tried again.

According to our usual custom, we have refrained from alluding to this curious case while it was in the process of adjudication. Now that it has been passed upon, we purpose to pay attention for a moment to the facts it discloses and the lesson it teaches.

First as to the history of the affair. The plaintiff, Miss Effie Carstang, was, it seems, very respectably connected and properly educated. Her early associations were not, as it would seem from the evidence, of the most rigidly virtuous character. After numerous amorous adventures in Brooklyn, Charleston, S. C., and elsewhere, as it is alleged, she made the acquaintance of Mr. Shaw, who seems to be one of the new rich men of the day, and made so by the rapid development of the sources of the Great West. Mr. Shaw, a person well stricken in years, is fascinated by Miss Carstang; he gives her many valuable presents, and finally proposes the momentous question. He is accepted; the preparations for the wedding are made. Miss Effie already sees herself prosiding over the paternal mansion; her octogenarian mother, when he suddenly breaks the solemn tie and leaves the lady to the solitary delights of spinsterhood.

This is terrible. Such perfidy should be punished. The injured and unprotected female rushes to the temple of justice and cries for damages! damages! damages! He has much money, this Shaw—let him take up the affair. Next to a divorce case, breach of promise actions are the best things going for the bar. If the parties have any social standing whatever, all the details are reported, and the counsel get fine advertisements for nothing. They sometimes take cases of this kind as people rent farms on shares, and recall to the irreverent mind the evidence of Mr. Weller in the celebrated Randall vs. Pickwick case, in the effect that the plaintiff expressed her admiration of the conduct of her attorneys, who acted "uncommon handsome" in saying that they would not charge her a cent unless they got damages out of Mr. Pickwick.

In the present case Mr. Pickwick suffered heavily. The intelligent jury, sworn for the first trial, awarded to Miss Carstang one hundred thousand dollars—the heaviest sum, we believe, ever given by law as a salve for injured affections and blasted hopes. The defendant succeeded in getting a new trial, and a commission was appointed to take testimony as to Miss Carstang's real reputation, and to investigate more particularly into the facts connected with her adolescent capers. This inquisition was composed of delegates from the counsel on either side, and its members travelled from place to place, examining a very great number of witnesses. It will be noticed that the privilege of cross-examination was accorded to the plaintiff's counsel, so that the depositions taken by the lawyers were of equal weight as if they had been sworn to in open court. All of the evidence that could be printed has been laid before the public, and the inference from the perusal of it and the verdict of the jury is that the plaintiff's character was not, to use the mildest term that occurs to our imagination, if all the evidence is true, Miss Carstang's love affairs have been very numerous.

She has had, according to the witnesses, several hundred; of serious intrigues not a few have fallen to her lot; she has been several times affianced, but never wedded; and more than once detected in peculiarly perplexing predicaments with persons of the opposite sex. The array of evidence on the defendant's side must have been very strong to have overthrown Miss Carstang's case. Put twelve intelligent American citizens in a jury box. Place before them a pretty woman in distress and a rich man who has, as alleged,

promised marriage and then basely deserted her when her things were all ready, and the intelligent jurymen, unless the facts are each as solid as a sixty-four-pound shot, give the pretty woman swinging damages, and go home to their dinners with the proud consciousness of having done their duty to a lovely woman in difficulty. That was the sentiment of the jury in the first trial of the Carstang suit; but the panel for the second examination of the affair has been obliterated. The jurors evidently believe, from the testimony that the plaintiff belongs to what is politely known as the demi-monde, a French term for a class of women very well known abroad, and not altogether a stranger in some circles in the United States. The last definition of the demi-monde woman extant is given in the play of M. Dumas fils, by the famous companion in the basket looks all alike, but here and there you may find a specimen with a suspicious spot under the skin—not a large spot, but still a spot. The unspoken peaches represent the demi-monde woman, who are clever, handsome, well bred, cultivated, agreeable, and so on—but they have the taint. The demi-monde woman has no affections—she has only appetite; she has no heart—only a sort of air pump; her rule of life is founded upon interest-tables. The question of money is the only vital matter with her. She is a gambler, and her game varies according to the circumstances and surroundings of her victims. In some cases she has been suspected of murder; in others she has led on her prey step by step, until he has been comfortably lodged in the penitentiary; but in the majority of instances, the operations of this interesting and important class of the community are only known to the parties interested. The breach of promise dodge is a favorite one with the demi-monde; but such cases, in this section of the country, rarely come before the courts. The victim prefers to pay roundly rather than make herself ridiculous. The operations of the demi-monde woman are so infinitely various that they could not be enumerated in a moderate-sized volume. She is to society what the lobby is to politics—a genteel parasite, with the black flag constantly nailed to the mast. We must do the common street woman the justice to say that she is not acknowledged by the demi-monde woman. That interesting class regards the lorette with a degree of holy horror, compared to which the virtuous indignation of ancient maidens and venerable dowagers is extremely mild. No, the demi-monde woman may be found oftentimes at the tables or in the salons of very nice people; not unfrequently she has a pew in a fashionable church, and attends to her religious duties with rigid regularity. The demi-monde woman lives everywhere. She has grown a social excrement out of French novels, and the hotel or boarding-house system, which has deprived at least two-thirds of the Northern and Western States, and half of that of the Southern, of anything like a home. Many young women are brought up to the belief that they have only to know how to dress, dine, dance, and flirt so as to catch a rich husband. They lay plans accordingly; if they land their fish and it turns out badly, they hoist their colors and take out letters of marque against Wall street. If they fail, they resort to bullying, and subsequently sometimes to the law.

It is not for us to say whether Miss Carstang, who belongs to the demi-monde, is a virtuous woman or not, and the evidence has certainly a very ugly look. In any event, we seize upon the occasion to warn susceptible elderly gentlemen with pathetic pocketbooks against the criminal privateers who infest all our large cities, and lie in wait for their prey, seeking, like the roaring lion, whom they may devour. Hereabouts the breach of promise dodge is pretty well used up, and the seduction law is a dead letter; but the gaudy widows and experienced spinsters are as clever in the invention of new schemes as the lobby operators of confidence-men.

Let all the fine old gentlemen in Wall street take due notice of the Carstang case, and govern themselves accordingly, walking in virtue's paths as the law directs.

(From "Napoleon III. in Italy.")  
ITALY.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

But Italy, my Italy,  
Can it last, this gleam?  
Can she live and be strong,  
Or is it another dream?  
Like the rest we have dreamed so long?  
And shall it, must it be,  
That after the battle-chord has broken  
She will die off again  
Like the rain,  
Or like a poet's song  
Sung of her, sad at the end  
Because her name is Italy  
Die and count no friend?

It is true,—may it be spoken,  
That she who has lain so still,  
With a wound in her breast,  
And a flower in her hand,  
And a grave-stone under her head,  
While every nation at will  
Beside her has dared to stand  
And flout her

## The Saturday Press Book List.

For the week ending April 7, 1860.

Of course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the job of a book. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, does not only by nearly manning them in attractive form. The title of a new book, printed in ready type, is a very valuable notice.—HARPER'S WEEKLY, Nov. 12, 1859.

## NEW BOOKS.

## AMERICAN.

Fragment from the Study of a Poet. By Rev. George W. Nichols. New York: T. B. Prentiss.

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Life of Stephen A. Douglas. United States Senator from Illinois, with his most important speeches and reports. By a member of the Western Bar. With Portrait. 12mo. N. Y.: New York Derby & Jackson.

## POETRY.

Poems: Lyrical and Imitative. By Edmund Clarence Steadman. 12mo. pp. 180. New York: Charles Scribner.

## NOVELS.

Common Sense and Reason. A new volume. By Mrs. Mary J. Barker. 1 vol. 12mo. N. Y.: New York Derby & Jackson.

## TRAVELS, ETC.

A Voyage Down the Amazon with a Land Journey through Siberia, and Incidents of the Voyage. By Mrs. M. J. Barker. 1 vol. 12mo. N. Y.: New York Derby & Jackson.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The Congressional Papers of Stephen A. Douglas. Arranged for entering all the speeches and reports of the Senator from Illinois, in the House of Representatives, and in the Senate, from 1845 to 1860. By Thomas P. Kirk. 10 vols. 8vo. N. Y.: New York Derby & Jackson.

## REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

The Barbed Wire. A tale by Bertha Russell. Translated from the German. By Mrs. E. A. Barker. 12mo. 75 cents. Boston: J. Munroe & Co.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Single Stem, Inward, and Reproductive System of Culture. Adapted to the Vineyard, the Grange, and the Farming of Vines in Italy, on the Riviera, and in the United States. By William H. Barker. 12mo. 75 cents. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

## ENGLISH.

The Water Awakening. The Origin, Progress, and Fruit. With Notes of a Tour of Personal Observation and Inquiry. By Rev. J. W. Barker. 12mo. 75 cents. London: W. B. E. Barker.

## HISTORICAL.

Historical Record of the Royal Light Infantry, from 1755 to 1855. By W. S. Barker. 12mo. 75 cents. London: W. B. E. Barker.

## POETRY.

Poems: Lyrical and Imitative. By Edmund Clarence Steadman. 12mo. pp. 180. New York: Charles Scribner.

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## BOOKS IN PRESS.

The Kelly and the O'Kelly. By Anthony Trollope. Next week. A new volume of biographies. By Lord Macaulay. 1 vol. 12mo. The Letters of Alexander von Humboldt, translated from the German. Uniform with Life of Humboldt.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press. For the week ending Saturday, April 7, 1860.

Rita. An Autobiography. 12mo. pp. 354. Boston: Mayhew & Baker. 1860.

The Phoenix Nest. Glimpses. By Jacob Abbott. 18mo. pp. 225. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1860.

Sketches from Life. or Illustrations of the Influence of Christianity. Second Series. 12mo. pp. 488. New York: American Tract Society. 1860.

Southern Wealth and Northern Poverty. as exhibited in Statistical Facts and Official Figures. showing the necessity of Union to the Future Prosperity and Welfare of the Republic. By Thomas P. Kirk. 12mo. pp. 328. New York: George W. & J. A. Wood. 1860.

Life of Stephen A. Douglas. United States Senator from Illinois. With his most important speeches and reports. By a member of the Western Bar. 12mo. pp. 187. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860.

A Practical and Complete System of Geography for Schools, comprising a concise and accurate description of the present state of the world, and in addition, a synopsis of Ancient Geography and outline of Physical Geography. By J. C. Barker. 12mo. pp. 100. New York: T. B. Prentiss. 1860.

Common Sense and Reason. By Mrs. Mary J. Barker. 1 vol. 12mo. N. Y.: New York Derby & Jackson. 1860.

A Voyage Down the Amazon with a Land Journey through Siberia, and Incidents of the Voyage. By Mrs. M. J. Barker. 1 vol. 12mo. N. Y.: New York Derby & Jackson. 1860.

Napoleon III. in Italy, and other Poems. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 12mo. pp. 72. New York: Charles Scribner. 1860.

Poems: Lyrical and Imitative. By Edmund Clarence Steadman. 12mo. pp. 180. New York: Charles Scribner. 1860.

Walker Ashwood. A Love Story. By Paul Heywood. Author of "Scholarship." 1 vol. 12mo. New York: Ward & Lothrop. 1860.

## Special Notices.

## THE ENGLEWOOD INSTITUTE.

## FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Will open May 1, under the direction of Mr. A. F. FOWLER, Principal of Cherry Valley Academy, and Rev. W. B. DUBOIS, Jr., of the Commercial and Collegiate Institute, New Haven.

Englewood is located opposite the upper end of New York, on the slope of the Palisades, and can be reached in 45 minutes from the city, via the Northern Railroad of New Jersey.

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French Institute for Young Gentlemen, No. 40 East Twenty-fourth St., N. Y.—Classical, French, German, Spanish, Mathematics, and English. Boarding and Day School. Prof. ELIZABETH CHAMBERLAIN, Director.

GO TO PAPPA'S—At Pap's Restaurant and Lager Beer Saloon, No. 647 Broadway, New York, you will find the best wine, the best Lager Beer, the best Coffee and Tea, the best Wines and Liquors, the best Havana Cigars,—in the best of every thing, at Moderate Prices.

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Ocean Mail Steamer.—The European mail, by the steamship HADDOCK, for Southampton and Havre, Saturday, April 7, with class at 10 1/2 o'clock, A. M.

A Substitute for the "Travelling Companion," or Pocket Pencil, in the new Carbon Pencil, a perfect purifying pencil, so simple and so portable that it can be carried in your pocket. Even the turfed streets of the Ohio and Mississippi are rendered harmless to the stomach.

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Academy of Languages, 928 Broadway, corner of Ten 11th Street. Instruction given in French, Spanish, German, Italian, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and English. Latin classes from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. German classes from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. Terms, in classes, \$10 per quarter. For further information, apply to

TITIAN'S VENUS. Well might imperial Juno storm Till all Olympus trembled. If Juno's Queen in face and form This glorious dame resembled I marvel not that mighty Jove Laid by his bolts of thunder, And spite of Juno's anger strove To win the lovely wonder. But that's a myth—the gods of Greece Were feigned, the goddess in increase Of Pleasure and of Beauty. 'Twas Titian's pencil gave the world A beauty's perfect form. The perfect form of woman! And here, as in that gem of art, In modest modesty, That gave his name to glory. The Venus, born of Titian's hand, Her magic spell casts o'er us.

JOHN'S TITIAN'S VENUS, with Jock's smiling mirror staff, is forwarded to any address on receipt of \$1 and 25 cents to pay postage. The Venus is put up in a secure box, and sent safely by Express. Price \$3.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE. From the Scientific American, Hartford, Conn. SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—We have received several samples of prepared liquid glue, put up in small bottles by Mr. H. C. Spalding, New York, and have tried it in mending old furniture. It is a very convenient article for domestic use, and deserves to be kept constantly on hand in every household. It is also a convenient article for painters and carpenters in constructing and repairing their models.

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After this prelude, Mrs. Browning opposes without reservation the cause and the policy of Napoleon III. To her, he is the Liberator of Italy, the Apostle of Freedom, the Champion of the Oppressed. In her vision, the tottering tyrannies of Europe tremble at his presence; already the Pope's throne quakes before the "mystic tricolor" of France, and the specter of Rome begins to fade in the distance. In short, Napoleon III. is to Mrs. Browning, not only a great, but a good man,—having splendid qualities of brain and heart, and being celestially delighted for the regeneration of Europe. This is her portrait of the hero:

"Measure him ere he depart With those who have governed and led; Larger so much by the heart, Larger so much by the head. Emperor. Evermore."

"He holds that, consenting or dissent, Nations must move with the time; Assumes that crime with a precedent Doubles the guilt of the crime; Decries that a slave is a traitor, And a traitor signed by knaves (Quorum magna pars and beyond Was one of an honest name) Gives an inexpressible claim To abolishing man into slaves. Emperor. Evermore."

"He will not swerve nor boast Of his country's needs, in a tone Missing a great man's; If such should speak of his own: Nor will he act on his side, From motives base, indeed, Than a man of a noble pride. Can you find him to be paid? Never, for love or laud. Or custom, though such should be life, Adapting the smaller morals To measure the larger life. He, though the merchants persuade, And the soldiers are eager for strife, Finds not his country in quarrels Only to find his own honor. While still he accords her such honor As never to finish for her sake Where men put service upon her, Found her to be a traitor. And scarcely like to be paid: Believing a nation may act Unselfishly—shiver a lance. (As the least of her sons may, in fact) And not for a name of finance. Emperor. Evermore."

As to this we have to say that however credulous we may otherwise be,—in the lovely innocence of a grating disposition,—we do not at all believe in Louis Napoleon. And perhaps we cannot more definitely express our dissent from Mrs. Browning's verdict and the general tenor of her book, than by the following less elegant but far more accurate portrait of the Emperor.

Measure him ere he depart, With those who have governed and led, Smaller so much by the heart, Smaller so much by the head. Emperor. Evermore."

He holds that consenting or dissent, Nations must march to his time, Assumes that crime with a precedent, Decries the guilt of the crime, Insists that a tyrant's bond Or a suffrage bought by knaves Gives an inexpressible claim For transforming men into slaves. Emperor. Evermore."

He will not swerve nor boast Of his country's needs, in a tone Missing a great man's; If such should speak of his own: Nor will he act on his side, From motives base, indeed, Than a man of noble pride. Can you find him to be paid? Never, for love or laud. Or custom, though such should be life, Adapting the smaller morals To measure the larger life. He, though the merchants persuade, And the soldiers are eager for strife, Finds not his country in quarrels Only to find his own honor. While still he accords her such honor As never to finish for her sake Where men put service upon her, Found her to be a traitor. And scarcely like to be paid: Believing a nation may act Unselfishly—shiver a lance. (As the least of them all would in fact) For the honor and glory of France.

That Mrs. Browning should make Napoleon III. an object of idolatry, is not at all surprising. The favorite axiom of her sex is that "Success is success," and if it is success, it is right. First, that any end is noble which accords to man either wealth or power; second, that the end always justifies the means; two propositions so utterly monstrous that we cannot look upon them except with the utmost execration. But the world, and especially the feminine world, thinks differently.

Napoleon III. has met with a certain kind of success, and it worships him, quite regardless alike of the infamous means by which he achieved it, and of the disastrous results to others which have followed it.

That he arrived to power through an act of base and shameless perjury—that in order to maintain himself in power, he had at once to banish from his realm the best and wisest men in it, and to destroy at once all freedom of speech and the Press—are simple matters of history.

And the whole policy of the man has been in keeping with these facts.

How, under these circumstances, after his having stopped the very pulse of freedom in his own nation, and having moreover attempted to do the same thing in Belgium, in Switzerland, and even in England,—any person of sane mind should suppose him desirous of doing anything for the freedom of Italy, is wholly beyond our comprehension.

STEDMAN'S POEMS.

A handsome volume, containing the Poems of Edmund Clarence Steadman, is this week published by Charles Scribner. We have examined these poems with interest and with pleasure, and shall review them in our next issue. Meantime we extract one of the shorter pieces from this collection, which is agreeable for its tender grace of poetic feeling and its very sweet music.

Amari. I loved; and in the morning sky, How fairly like the castle grew! Cloud-banded towers pointing high, Forever to the dreamy blue; Bright fountains leaping through and through The golden sunbeams on the air, Gay banners streaming,—never drew Painter or poet scene more fair.

And in that castle I would live, And in that castle I would die; And there, in certain bowers, would give Some woman's name a name for high; There, when but one sweet form was high, The orient hours should move along, And ripple, as they glided by, Like stanzas of an antique song.

O foolish heart! O young Romance, That faded with the noon-day sun! Alas, for gentle dalliance! For life-long pleasures never won! O, for a season done and gone! A wondrous time, which they did seem Only a pretence, longed for To sweeten portions of the dream! She died: nor were my anger flowers: No longer, in the morning sky, Bright fountains leaping through and through The golden sunbeams on the air, Gay banners streaming,—never drew Painter or poet scene more fair.

And in that castle I would live, And in that castle I would die; And there, in certain bowers, would give Some woman's name a name for high; There, when but one sweet form was high, The orient hours should move along, And ripple, as they glided by, Like stanzas of an antique song.

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